

Liar, Liar: The Unauthorized Biography of Nikolas & Zeena Schreck
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It is always suspicious when people try to establish their own credibility by attempting to destroy the credibility of someone else. We've all heard about the one about the pot calling the kettle black. It couldn't be more true than in the case of Nikolas and Zeena Schreck. Here are two individuals who have failed at each and every undertaking they've ever entered into, yet they feel themselves qualified to pass judgment on a man whose accomplishments are a testament to both his life and talents, Zeena's late father, Anton LaVey. If he was a man whose accomplishments were not great or many, it would be a waste of their time to put so much energy into so public a series of attacks, because no one would care. That so many people do care is evidence that LaVey's impact was great and felt by many.

Whenever someone takes it upon himself to attack a public figure, the first question to come to mind is: "What's their motivation for doing so?" In the case of Nikolas and Zeena the obvious answer is: attention. When Zeena chose to cut ties with her father, she publicly proclaimed that she so fervently wanted no connection with him, that she would no longer even use the name LaVey. What she soon found out was that the only times she ever received any publicity at all were in relation to her estranged father. Recognition usually accompanies doing something or producing something. She was incapable of either, but found that any time she publicly said something bad about her father, people would talk about her. It was her only sure fire path o the spotlight, the only time anyone wanted to hear anything she had to say.

Part of her antipathy toward her father is that his Satanic philosophy never worked for her, and still doesn't. he seemed to thoroughly understand it, to know how it works and why it works, and yet she seemed to be incapable of actually applying the principles to her own life and seeing results. She was as intelligent as many people living off their wits, but she just wasn't able to. She was as attractive as a lot of women who make a living off their looks, and yet, she just wasn't able to. She inherited her father's name, a name so famous and instantly recognizable that it alone could have been the basis for a successful career in any number of fields, and yet she lacked the skill necessary to parlay it into something that could benefit her. One would be tempted to say that she was something like the Frank Sinatra, Jr. of the Satanic scene, except that Frankie, Jr. actually had a career as a singer, so such a comparison would be less than apt.

Though now she claims to be a "Magickal Childe", who prenatally willed her parents together to bring her into this world, Zeena would like it forgotten that for a period of her life she made an attempt to fit into "normal" society. This was the first time she rejected her father, and his Satanic milieu, before an about-face leading to her attempts at

would-be Satanic super-stardom through her father's efforts and contacts.

So, before she and Shreck publicly advocated eugenics and "racial purity", Zeena spent five dreary years as a housewife in Stockton, California, married to a Chinese man, doing her best to distance herself from her father's world and live a "normal" life. The only person more embarrassed by the union than Zeena herself, was the Asian fellow, who refused to even tell his parents about the marriage. When his folks called to say they were going to pay a visit, Zeena had to vacate the premises, taking along all her earthly possessions in the backseat of her car.

During the time of her marriage, Zeena made money by breeding rodents, which she sold to local pet shops at fifty cents a pop. In a particularly good month, such an enterprise could generate eight to ten dollars. Her time and energy could have been more economically expended in panhandling or rummaging dumpsters for aluminum cans to turn in for the deposit money.

This union was dissolved and Zeena came crawling back to her father, from whom she now hoped to build a career as a public Satanist.

She then came to resent her father, because of the fact that it was only through his auspices that she'd received what little notoriety she could claim to possess. He got her spots on television talk shows and specials, but the more she talked about his power philosophy, the more it seemed that her own life was an empty sham.

She's appear on a late night network show, and explain how Satanist were the natural elite, true leaders and shapers of history; then she'd go back to her shabby little apartment, furnished with castoffs and second-hand furniture, and wonder why that power philosophy wasn't working for her, Anton LaVey's own flesh and blood. It was about this time she came into the orbit of a new inner circle that was coalescing around LaVey. They were people closer to her own age, and they were all successful. They were underground celebrities, publishers, musicians, people active in the arts. Some had established international reputations as people on the cutting edge of their chosen fields. They were people who were living out the philosophy that she was only talking about. Rather than being inspired by their example, she resented them. Their success at applying the Satanic philosophy should have served as a kind of learning experience for her. Instead it was just another ugly reminder of her own failures. Though Zeena would be the first to say that Satanism is all about personal responsibility, she was unable to take responsibility for her ongoing failure. It was far easier to conclude that if Satanic philosophy wasn't working for her, the philosophy itself must be a sham.

At about this time Nikolas Shreck enters the picture. He was trying to ingratiate himself with those who were becoming LaVey's new inner circle. Unlike Zeena, he realized that by becoming affiliated with these people, he would benefit from the credibility they'd achieved. He could try to establish himself in their milieu, and keep the rewards of being part of the emerging underground they had inaugurated. Though he ultimately failed at this attempt, he at least exhibited more savvy than Zeena about how things operate. At this point, Schreck's only claim to fame, if it can be called that, was being in the band "Radio Werewolf", that dressed up as monsters and sang songs about hearses and werewolves and such and claimed to worship a skull-faced image called "Grimsley". It was a pretty silly undertaking for a person who was trying to ingratiate himself for a crowd known for pushing the cultural envelope. Schreck was trying to establish credentials as an extremist, as someone on an equal footing with these people. He began to make up for his lack of accomplishments, by fabricating impressive projects he'd done. He began telling elaborate lies. He said he'd traveled to Europe and produced a documentary on the life and work of Aleister Crowley. Those he told naturally assumed it to be true, after all, they each made their living by doing such things. When they expressed interest at taking a look at his film some time, they were told that, unfortunately, the only film available was in storage, and locating it would be extremely difficult. He also claimed he had written a book regarding Nazi "holy sites", which he supposedly researched by visiting each. The book was also purported to contain info on the Nazi "holy days". Of course, this project never appeared; it was always in some sort of box that could not be found at the moment. Over a period of some months a pattern evolved, and suspicions were aroused as it began to seem as though every tangible manifestation of Shreck's varied accomplishments were either in storage or someplace else where they couldn't be seen or obtained easily.

An acquaintance of the time remembers Schreck as a "ridiculous figure. He wanted to be perceived as sinister, as evil, but he looked like one of the Munsters. People, even in New York, would turn and stare at him, not because he was shocking, but because he was so incredibly silly." Perhaps as a means of overcoming that sort of reaction, Shreck began telling people he'd adopted the Nazi philosophy. He read books on Hitler, but was dating an Algonquin Indian girl named Felina. A short while later, Amok Books' Brian King spread the word that Shreck wasn't a Nazi at all, but was in fact a nice, Jewish boy from Encino. His father was the prosperous owner of a chain of furniture stores. And Schrek's real name was Barry Dubin. Shreck fumed that it wasn't true, just a vicious lie spread to discredit him by "his enemies". A guy who had previously been in an earlier band with Schrek cornered him in the toilet of a Hollywood club and pummeled him with his fists. The assailant was Jewish and had a tattoo of a star of David and the slogan, "Never Again!" Shreck, now a laughing stock, left Los Angeles, and fled to San Francisco. The rumors followed him. As pathetic as most Nazis are, what could be more pathetic than a Jewish Nazi? A Jewish

Nazi is like a sad clown, the last word in pitiful. Shreck's attempt to veil his Jewishness by adopting a Germanic name, that of silent movie actor Max Shreck, has an irony unknown even to Nikolas. IN Germany, the name Shreck is limited almost exclusively to Jews.

Eventually Nikolas and Zeena, by this time an item, fled to Vienna. Here in "Fortress Europa" they could make a fresh start and escape the ever-present specter of their past failures. A person's never a hero in their own home town, especially if they've lied to and screwed-over every single person of consequence.

Austria has a serious Occult history, and the owners of Vienna's occult book shops, whom Nikolas and Zeena sought to impress, were not impressed at all by the two self-important emigres. By this time, Schreck cut an even more cartoonish figure. He sought camouflage his increasing hair loss by shaving a widow's peak into his forehead, the result being a permanent 5-o'clock shadow across the top of his face. And soon he was outed by an Austrian occult Ezine. They'd doctored a photograph of Shreck, adding a yarmulke to the top of his head and crudely drawing long, curly forelocks down the sides. The photograph bore the caption, "Nikolas Schreck ist ein Jude!" The two then fled Fortress Europa, this time leaving behind Zeena's sixteen-year-old son, Stanton, to fend for himself.

Stanton later returned on his own to the United States to live with his grandmother, Diane Hegarty. He reconciled with his grandfather, Anton LaVey, even telling the press upon LaVey's death that he was one of the coolest people Stanton ever knew.

The sojourn in Austria wasn't an altogether unproductive time for the duo. While there, they managed to produce some recordings, perhaps the only tangible examples of anything ever created by either. The recordings were put out by a friend of Anton LaVey's publisher, so again, without the LaVey connection even those few examples of productivity wouldn't have happened. The man who put them out often apologized as he gave out free copies of the CD's, saying, "No one likes these. I think that me and Nikolas and Zeena are the only people who think they're any good." People who received them were appalled by their amateurishness and lack of content or quality. Those who tried to sell them at second-hand record stores for a few measly bucks found no takers. By far their most accomplished release in terms of concept and execution was a single called "The Sin-Atras". One side featured Nikolas singing "Witchcraft", while the flip side had Zeena performing Nancy Sinatra's famous "Boots". Cute idea; sounds like I might have been fun, right? 'Fraid not. Nikolas sings "Witchcraft" like Bill Murray doing his rotten lounge singer routine on Saturday Night Live. Zeena's "Boots" is a sub-Golden Throats effort that is so embarrassing it makes you cringe. To be this untalented isn't a sin, but to be so utterly self-unaware as to not be cognizant of how bad this all really was, certainly should be sinful in Satanic terms. It was a great

concept that suffered from execrable execution. And guess what? They stole it; they'd been told about a girl who wanted to call herself Nazi Sinatra and record a version of "Boots" with the sounds of marching Nazis looped underneath. She never did it, so they just hijacked the idea. The result, unfortunately, is probably one of the worst records ever released. Ironically, it's probably the best thing Nikolas and Zeena have ever done. In Satanism, the proof of the pudding is in the tasting. If Nikolas and Zeena are what they claim to be, what they do should speak for itself. And one listen to this single will tell you everything you need to know about these two.

If you've read this far, it's probably crossed your mind to ask, "If these two don't do anything, how do they survive? Where do they get their money?" Simple: Schreck is a trust fund kid. His idea of the brutal Darwinian struggle for existence entails walking down Hollywood Boulevard and depositing his monthly check in the bank. And life on the Boulevard is no picnic.

Now back in Hollywood, the scene of their earlier failures and humiliation, the two decided to embark on a bold, new strategy. Schreck had initially been introduced to Anton LaVey by a San Francisco musician who wishes to remain anonymous (in fact, every former acquaintance of Schreck's to whom we spoke felt the same). According to him, almost immediately upon joining The Church of Satan, Schreck began hatching a plan to attack LaVey and the Church. Schreck expected to be made a Priest immediately. He felt that being a Priest in The Church of Satan would be the pivotal moment of his life, the key that would finally unlock the door to success. His stature as Priest in the world's most infamous religion would enhance his standing in the real world to such a point that he would finally be able to achieve the status he so richly deserved. All of his plans revolved around this eventuality. He has so convinced he would achieve Priesthood (and soon) that he couldn't see what was wrong with the equation. In The Church of Satan, rank within the organization is based on your status in the real world. You become a Priest because you already have status; you aren't made a Priest so that you can achieve status.

Iyt began to dawn on Schreck that his dreams of Priesthood were going to be unfulfilled. He reasoned that since he was essentially being rejected by aVey, his best course of action would be to quit the organization and publicly denounce LaVey. Is would make him look good and LaVey look bad. Anton LaVey was the harshest figure on the contemporary occult scene, and if Shreck were to say that he'd parted with LaVey over ideological differences, because LaVey's brand of Satanism wasn't stringent enough, people would conclude that Schreck was the real thing. This, thought Schreck, was a sure fire way to finally get some sort of credentials without, of course, actually having to DO anything. If this sounds a bit familiar, it's essentially a rerun of the Mikey Aquino episode, rebroadcast at a later date.

So Schreck went to the friend who'd introduced him to LaVey, and pitched the idea that the two mutiny, trash LaVey, and start a new organization. "LaVey is the past," said Schreck, "we're the future." The friend was appalled by the suggestion, saying that LaVey had devoted his life to what he believed in and had put his ass on the line by voicing some very unpopular ideas at a time when no one else had the balls to say such things in public. LaVey was a purist, and purity was never passé. Schreck smiled as if nothing untoward had happened, saying, "It was just a thought." He didn't quit. He bided his time, thinking that perhaps the Priesthood might still come his way. But it never did. Even after he started dating Zeena.

They'd gone to Europe in the hope of establishing The Werewolf Order, a Goth lycanthropic sect that somehow never materialized. They returned defeated. And since everyone in Hollywood had their number, they had no hope of starting any sort of order there. They had nowhere left to turn. They'd burnt all their bridges. They'd exhausted all their options. What were they to do? They could recant their Satanism, write a tell-all book about the errors of their ways, how they'd been brainwashed. That would be lucrative, perhaps, but no fun. Besides, they longed to be the leaders of something, anything, and you can't quite step in and take over Christianity.

Before going to Vienna, both Nikolas and Zeena referred to the Temple of Set as the Temple of Shit. They still thought it was shit, but it started smelling sweeter and sweeter as it dawned upon the two that it was the only game in town still open to them. The more they thought about it, the better it seemed. Here at last was a place where they'd get the status they deserved. It would be such a coup for Aquino to have LaVey's daughter in his sect; surely they'd be rushed right into the leadership echelon. Better to join the Temple of Shit, and be big turds in a small toilet, than to remain anonymous. And this would be their revenge on LaVey, too. He'd hate this. It would be perfect.

Aquino was thrilled by the propaganda possibilities inherent in having these two join. He saw them as a cudgel to be used against LaVey, and a feather in his own cap, as well. But he wasn't quite appreciative enough to give them the status they'd expected. They were flabbergasted. For their part, they told everyone they were on the brink of defecting from the Temple of Set; it wasn't "hard core" enough for them. Here we go again; if Nikolas and Zeena denounce Setians as being ineffectual bookworms, people would assume they they're the real Christian Satanists, and flock to their banner. For his part, Aquino confided to insiders that the duo were "marginal, flaky and insubstantive." To be deemed insubstantive by Aquino is like being called a wimp by Don Knotts.

However, Nikolas and Zeena still cling to the Temple of Set. They've screwed up everything else. The marginal status they have in a marginal organization is far more than what they'd have if they left. A

small piece of something inconsequential is still better than 100% of nothing. It was becoming evident even to them at this point that, left to their own devices, they were incapable of creating an organization. Their own was in joining a pre-existing organization, and there were precious few others left.

And so Nikolas and Zeena, having found an organization that would accept even them, now embarked on the boldest chapter of their odyssey thus far, and opened Hell House of Hollywood. Billed as an emporium of weirdness, it was more like an upscale thrift store in which all their worldly possessions were available for sale. Their book collection, including books borrowed from numerous friends and ex-friends, was on sale as was their video collection, and their collectibles collection. It was a permanent yard sale masquerading as a proper business. Still and all, it is the only legitimate enterprise these folks have ever been a part of. And it is an idea that could have worked, if anyone else but Nikolas and Zeena were at the helm.

Even to their detractors, it seemed as though Schreck and Zeena had finally arrived. At long last they'd created something that they'd carried from the idea stage to the stage of reality, an actual demonstrable entity. Sure, the whole operation was subsidized by Schreck's trust fund, and would never have happened without the ready flow of free money from Daddy, but at least they had finally done something. The two were jubilant. This was just the first small installment of their empire. When Hell House of Hollywood turned into the cash cow they knew it would be, they'd expand, buying up one store after another until their enterprises occupied an entire block smack dab in the middle of Hollywood. There'd be a Hell House clothing store, a record store, even a Hell House theme restaurant. It would become so notorious that people would flock to it from all over the world. It would fast become one of Hollywood's key tourist attractions. It would become part of the itinerary of every tourist to Los Angeles, right up there with Disneyland and Universal Studios. They were already devising mental lists of how to spend the profits.

There was only one fly in the ointment. They quickly discovered that most tourists visiting Hollywood had little interest in paying exorbitant prices for beat-up, used copies of books about serial killers. Fewer still had any interest in paying the dollar admission fee that the store charged for the privilege of coming in and perusing yard-sale-caliber merchandise presented as collector's items. The only people who seemed interested in the goods they offered for sale were local Goth kids or heavy metal teens. Even this was problematic, since those who were most interested in these items had either already obtained them at thrift stores for fifty cents or a buck, and if they hadn't, few teenagers could afford the prices Hell House demanded. Almost nobody was willing to pay the additional fee for a peek at the sorry little "true crime and occultism" wax museum crammed into the back room.

Schreck and Zeena had assumed that they would hire stooges to do the actual work of running the store, and that their own functions would mainly be to count up the money flooding in and draw up the deposit slips. Neither had imagined that they might actually end up working at the store in a full time capacity as a cashier. But that's exactly what happened. Even with both of them working there full time it was necessary for them to hire two other full time employees. On an average day the place took in 30 dollars, not even enough to cover the pay of their employees, let alone pay them for the time they put in. On a bad day they might not make anything, save as two or three dollars paid by looky-loos as part of the admission fee.

The situation created tension between Nikolas and Zeena. She blamed him for the fact that the business was dead in the water. He was a failure, a fuckup; it was always the same with this guy. Schreck, for his part, put the blame on the public. They weren't hip enough to see how cool Hell House was; it was the best thing ever, and if it was failing, it was due to the fact that it was an idea too far ahead of its time.

Tensions increased as Schreck bounced checks with suppliers all over town. Trying to save his place with new merchandise the public might actually want, he got it on credit by kiting checks. Soon creditors were showing up at the store, demanding to be paid. But there was no money with which to pay them, and soon checks to employees began to bounce as well. Nikolas and Zeena's dream was crumbling around them, fast becoming a waking nightmare.

To distract himself from the tension with Zeena, Schreck began to try and put the make on a female employee. When she refused to reciprocate his attentions, he fired her. She went to collect unemployment benefits and was turned down because Hell House hadn't bothered to pay in the moneys they'd been deducting from her paychecks. She sued Schreck for sexual harassment; the case went to court and she won. Soon the IRS was after Hell House for payment of back taxes. Thus the curtain fell on the tawdry little melodrama of Nik & Zeena's "Heck Shack". The store next to it took over the vacated space, and the sad duo tried to raise money by renting out the battered figures from their backroom museum. They briefly attempted to keep this grand project afloat as a shabby little website, but even this was fleeting.

After Hell House of Hollywood's ignoble demise, Nikolas and Zeena were seen around Hollywood's used bookstores, trying to raise some cash to move back to Europe by selling old movie posters and books. This time they were selling them for pennies on the dollar, and second-hand junk and not collector's items. The two made themselves scarce and weren't heard from again, until the announcement of LaVey's death.

Since Anton LaVey was still the only card Zeena had left to play, she tried to cash in on him one last time. She called up Christian shock jock Bob Larson and told him that it was she who had been responsible for killing LaVey. Larson put her on his radio show and she explained how a curse she'd placed on her father had resulted in his death. Now, keep in mind that this is a person who has never had the ability to successfully achieve even the most mundane of tasks in the realm of day-to-day life. She can't make a payroll, balance the books or pay her taxes, and yet she claims she can cause the death of another human being a thousand miles distant from her. I don't think so. If she was such a powerful sorceress, why didn't she use a tiny fraction of that power to insure the success of her business, to hold her boyfriend's interest when he was trying (unsuccessfully) to get laid by the Goth girl in their employ, or to swing the verdict in the case brought against him as a result – the verdict which further strained their already overtaxed finances? The obvious answer is that between the two of them, they don't have enough power to even succeed in doing the sort of common things that most people do in the course of living altogether normal existences, such as paying bills and taxes. But we're expected to believe that two people who have consistently failed at every undertaking they've become involved with for the last 15 to 20 years, are, nonetheless, high black magicians? No way. This would be the magical equivalent of an idiot savant, who could memorize a dictionary or sit down at a piano and play a sonata note-perfect after hearing it only once, yet is incapable of dressing himself. Nikolas and Zeena may be idiots, but they're certainly not savants.

The most charitable judgment one could pass in regard to Nikolas and Zeena is that they are two relatively-intelligent people who exhibit a profound lack of talent or ability. Their extreme self-delusion is evidenced by the huge gulf that separates their pronouncements and their accomplishments, what few there are. They are liars and failures. To so characterize them requires no exaggeration of any kind whatsoever on our part, just a simple retelling of the facts. If this retelling of facts has been inaccurate in any way, it is only in terms of degree. There's much more that might have been told which has been omitted for the sake of brevity. Anyone wishing further information on the ineptitude of the Schrecks, need only to track down their former friends or associates in any of the cities in which they've lived. A lot more material about these two is out there, and all of it follows a pattern that is strikingly identical to that which is detailed above. The specifics in the case against Nikolas and Zeena are indisputable. Equally indisputable are the demonstrable achievements of Anton LaVey, whom the Schrecks are clearly unqualified to pass judgment upon. In fact, we invite any disinterested individual to contrast the achievements of either party with the other. A single inescapable fact becomes evident: that in terms of Anton LaVey, character assassination is not possible, and in the case of the Schrecks, character assassination is not necessary.

Further points to ponder:

ITEM: At first glance, someone who didn't know either would think that Schreck and Zeena's expose on her father ("Anton LaVey: Legend and Reality") was the product of serious investigation and diligent research. In fact, it is thrown together from the fact-finding efforts of a handful of other people, and for the most part doesn't represent any proof whatsoever as regards to the claims it puts forth. The fact that a so-called journalist with an agenda couldn't uncover documentary evidence relating to things that occurred 40 or 50 years ago, is only evidence of his inadequacies as an investigator, and little more.

ITEM: When Zeena charges that her father counseled "his witches" to go into prostitution, she is speaking of herself. She misunderstood his advice that her only chance to advance herself was to bag a successful man, and that her best means of doing that was by using her sexuality. She felt that she could get her father's admiration by having sex with members of his inner circle, in the process insuring their loyalty and proving once and for all to her Dad what an asset she was to his Church. Naturally, he neither wanted nor needed such assistance, nor did he advise it. The men who Zeena "prostituted" herself with were all far more interested in her father than her, and viewed the liaisons as insignificant flings that were more or less irrelevant to the nature of their relationship with Anton LaVey or The Church of Satan. When Zeena bragged to her father that he would never have gotten a publishing deal had it not been for sexual encounter with the publisher, he smiled bemusedly and humored her. He knew full well that the world of business was governed by the profit margin alone, and marveled at his daughter's naiveté. He also knew that the book project was a done deal long before his daughter had even crossed paths with the publisher. Even in her so-called prostitution, Zeena saw no tangible return on the time and energy she invested, except in her own imagination.

ITEM: The Schrecks claim that Anton LaVey exaggerated or lied about aspect of his personal mythology, but what of their own spiritual leader? Like the Schrecks, Aquino is a man with virtually no accomplishments. We are told he has written a book, but it is not available to the public – perhaps due to lack of interest. He claims that various Princes of Darkness appeared to him in Vietnam. That's silly. He claims that the Damien character in the Omen movies was based upon him. But Damien (in the third film) was a charismatic individual who was powerful and well-connected. He wasn't fat, and didn't have funny eyebrows or a goofy hairdo. And since Aquino had 666 tattooed on his scalp after seeing the movie, it would seem evident that it was more it was an influence on him rather than he was on it. Whether or not Anton LaVey played oboe has far less bearing on his occult credentials, than say, whether or not Set appeared to Aquino when he got in a snit with LaVey. If that tale seems at all plausible to a person,

the Temple of Set is no doubt the right place for him to be. Water seeks its own level.

ITEM: If Anton LaVey was little more than a lying charlatan, then why does Aquino manifest such an obsessive interest in him after all these years? True charlatans are fairly easy to spot, because they can talk a good game but can't deliver the goods. Why did Aquino stay in the COS for so many years if LaVey was the charlatan he's painted to be? Aquino's attitude is that of a spurned lover. He hates LaVey for rejecting him, yet emotionally he can't let go of it all and get on with his life. It's rather pitiful.

ITEM: The Shcrecks and Aquino claim that they are the real Satanists. What do they believe? That "Set" is an actual entity who existed "before time" and that their goal is "immortality". Substitute that words "God" and "heaven" for "Set" and "immortality", and what they believe becomes crystal clear. And it is not the least bit Satanic.

ITEM: Nikolas Schreck still claims credit for editing "The Manson File". He was given the job as editor because he worked part-time in a print shop and told the publisher he would present him with laid-out, typeset, camera-ready graphics by a certain due date. The date came and went, and the publisher had to travel to Hollywood and camp out on Schreck's doorstep just to retrieve the source materials, none of which had been worked upon at all. The publisher himself had to throw the material together and write all the text in the eleventh hour. Schreck's name only remained on the project because the book had been announced and the publisher was none-too-pleased at the prospect of having his own name appear on this mess that has been tossed together at the last minute.

ITEM: Schreck's right ear was cut off by a gay bodybuilder who'd spied him putting up homophobic flyers on Santa Monica Blvd. Embarrassed over the fact that this "sissy" was obviously far more manly than himself, Shreck has since told the story that he was attacked by "a gang of blacks". Look closely; he now wears a plastic ear.

ITEM: Acquaintances tell us that Nikolas used to refer to himself as Count Schreckula; this was around the same time he listed his address as being in "Horrorwood, Karloffornia" (a practice lifted from Forry Ackerman). Does this make Zeena Countess Schreckula?

ITEM: The Schrecks activities today are limited almost entirely to trying to maintain some sort of visibility, which they do by haunting LA's Goth clubs, attempting to recruit Goth-types into the Temple of Set. Yet again, the very visibility which is their only chance of doing anything (making contacts, maintaining a high profile, etc.) is doing them more harm than good. The few Goths who know who they are find them an unimpressive duo. They are both getting fat and aging

poorly. Schreck still wears the same seedy suit he's worn for the past 10 years. His hair loss is so advanced that he no longer even attempts a comb-over. And it's not following any normal patterns of baldness, but it's dropping out in patches and clumps all about his head. It gives the appearance that he is suffering from the mange, or some other communicable disease (as can be seen on this daffy duo's most recent Bob Larson video). Zeena, in her complete rejection of her father, dispensed with using the Compleat Witch tricks she's learned, the result being that she looks little different from any of the other generically clad teens she meets – except, of course, that she is twenty years older than they are. And so it continues for these two, as they attempt to install themselves as prominent figures in the demimonde of Hollywood club land. And as before, the two are trying to get out there and sell themselves. And once again, no one is buying.